to pay for it—five kopecks for a glass of tea or a sandwich. We put the money on a tray with a polite note.

The mayor returned and shortly afterward the Cossacks withdrew from the courtyard. We sat under the great chandelier while the men dozed in armchairs along the wall. Then the Council chairman approached us with a score of councilmen and offered to escort us to the street—as a protection against the police. We declined the offer. A councilman asked us:

"What are you waiting for? It is time for all of us to go to bed."

The big clock in the hall showed 3:00 A.M. Malyshev announced our decision.

"We will leave *after* the councilmen."

They began to fade out, one after another. We remained in the empty hall. The waiters turned off all the lights along the walls, leaving only the big chandelier over our heads. Then we retired.

The next day the office of the mayor telephoned us that the Municipal Council would convene before the weekend and elect a permanent committee for the supervision of public works. We were invited to send our representatives to give the Municipal Council useful information related to the question on the agenda. Only three spokesmen were admitted to the session, but we obtained a dozen visitors' tickets to the balcony. Malyshev, Zagoraev, and Nikolai Petrov spoke for the organization. All three speeches, prepared in writing and repeatedly rehearsed, were moderate in tone but stressed the danger of an outbreak of anarchistic acts if the Municipal Council did not keep its promise to provide work for the unemployed. I marshaled the silent deputation on the balcony. When the vote came, we stood up, holding onto the railing, and stared at the councilmen. They seemed disturbed, and some of them tried to let us know they had voted for public works.

We had won the campaign and could tell our men that they would soon have work. I met our speakers at the entrance of the session room. Malyshev and Boroda had tears in their eyes. They hugged and kissed me, while the councilmen looked with amazement at this outburst of sentimentality among the "tough guys" whom they called "misters unemployed."

A wave of optimism and goodwill spread among the unemployed. Elated by the successful campaign, I had been giving little thought to the rapidly deteriorating political situation. Suddenly I learned from a newspaper that the Duma had been dissolved.